With the College Crews at Poughkeepsie

The Men Training Hard for the Races This Week.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 24.—If Poughkeepsie has no Rip Van Winkle, like its neighboring village up the river, it has at least an annual awakening from its yearly sleep, when in June the oarsmen from six big universities appear here for their practice for the intercollegiate regatta. Poughkeepsie, to the New-Yorker, is a sleepy place, except for the racing weeks, but during that period it makes up for its stagnation in the rest of the year by a certain almost riotous gayety.

In the town itself and along the river for a mile or so are scattered the college oarsmen, in the various quarters. All in all, they number some 150 men, and naturally they and their retainers, who are twice as numerous, serve to make a big impression upon the townspeople, and especially on that part of the feminine population which is not accustomed to the flirtatious glances of the college man. The oarsmen live a life that in many respects is idyllic in its simplicity and Spartan in its devotion to duty and to solid hard work.

Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Georgetown and Syracuse—these are the colleges that have their representatives here for the annual struggle which is to take place next Wednesday. Columbia probably has the greatest group of followers, and certainly it has the greatest support among the villagers. Cornell, in local sentiment, ranks next to the Gotham college, although in general public estimation it is usually pronounced favorite for the races.

The daily life of the oarsmen is a simple one of plain living, hard work and stern devotion to that intangible thing, college spirit, which makes undergraduates do and dare so much. The life of all the six college crew squads is pretty much the same in essentials, so that, for the sake of example, it is simpler to take the case of a day with one particular college crew to illustrate the general life of the entire throng.

Columbia's oarsmen, for instance, are quartered far up the river on the Highland side, in a house at Krum Elbow, christened Red Top by the Harvard oarsmen, who lived there five or six years ago. The house itself is far above the river level, and, perched on a hill at the bend of the river, commands a view of the picturesque stream from Newburg on the south to a point far beyond Hyde Park on the north. The house is roomy, with pleasant surroundings.

A little after 7 in the morning the men rise. Soon after they have breakfast, consisting of fruit, oatmeal, steaks, chops, bread, rolls, eggs, potatoes and coffee, in quantities that would appal even the ordinary college man, for the oarsman who rows ten miles a day in a college crew has no ordinary appetite. After breakfast the men do nothing but digest for an hour or two. They lie around the lawns under the trees, read, talk or play quoits. Around 10 o'clock the boys clamber down the hill to the boathouse, and there they get undressed and into their scant rowing togs, which consist only of short trunks and thick stockings.

Undressed the men show their fine physical condition. There is no surplus flesh on them; all fat has been removed by many a hard row. They are all muscle, and muscle of a supple kind—wiry, and not standing out like the iron-bound muscle of the professional strong man. The skin is soft and velvety, but it has not the proverbial pink of perfect health, for the men are tanned nut-brown by exposure to the sun, wind and rain; for, sun or storm, the water permitting, the men take their practice.

Borne aloft over their heads, the 'varsity crew first carry the long, frail, toothpick shell gingerly to the float, for it is easily smashed. After a few commands from the coxswain, the men step into the shell. "Ready! Row!" says "coxie," and the boat shoots away from the float.

The freshman eight soon follows, and then, last of all, now that his charges are safely on the water, comes Jasper Goodwin, the Columbia coach, on the launch Columbia. At his mouth is a huge megaphone, from which he is to issue his commands, now pleading, now peremptory. At length the start of the four-mile course is reached and the two shells turn about, the boats ready for their pull down the river. "Ready?" comes the coxswain's question; then a moment later, as the sixteen lithe bodies, all a-quiver, lean forward to the full reach, comes the order, "Row!" Sixteen oars catch the water, and the shell, like a live thing, darts ahead, and the race begins for the distant goal, four miles away, beyond the far off bridge. The 'varsity pulls a long, sweeping stroke of perhaps twenty-seven or twenty-eight to the minute, while the freshmen, whose distance is only two miles, row a higher pace in their effort to beat the 'varsity.

Close behind the two hard-pulling eights comes the launch, with Goodwin, a picturesque figure, megaphone to mouth, yelling instructions to his charges that they may reach the highest possible perfection to do honor to their alma mater in their coming regatta. "Don't swing out of the boat," "Get your back in the stroke," "Don't chop off the stroke," "Keep your eyes in the boat," "If you don't row better, Blank, you'll have to get out of the boat." So runs his fire of coaching all the way down the course. At the mile and a half mark the freshmen begin to spring, and the 'varsity coxswain at once orders his stroke a bit higher, in order to offset the freshman spurt. Stroke Fraser sends the pace to thirty-two, and at this higher gait the freshman shell seems to halt as if by magic, and the senior eight, in long, sweeping glides, "clearing puddles" beautifully, spins away from the fast receding freshmen, while the coxswain grins pleasantly at the stroke. The two-mile mark finds the freshmen lengths to the bad, and they drop out, the 'varsity continuing alone to finish its heartbreaking four-mile pull.

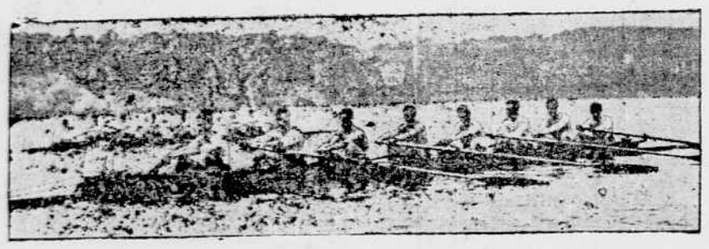
When the first two miles are gone any easy air of indifference or nonchalance that the crew may have had at the start has vanished; the play of the game has gone, and strenuous work that taxes a man's vitality and endurance replaces it. Back and forth swing the bodies, glistening as the sun beats down on perspiring pores; the oars clutch the water in a grip that keeps the boat racing gracefully down the river, while small boys on the shore yell and launches of the other crews draw near to take a peep to see how the work of one of their rivals is going forward. Muscles are tired, hearts are beating hard, breath comes with difficulty, but still not a man falters, though each wonders, perhaps, how long he can keep up the pace. So the crew goes on to the last half mile, when the "coxie" calls for the final spurt that is the limit of human capability, according to the opinion of most oarsmen.

But months of regular training tell on the men, and, almost exhausted as they are, they nevertheless manage to summon all their lagging energies, and the stroke goes to 38, or perhaps 40. The boat speeds over the river with never a falter, never a break. "A dozen!" shouts the coxswain madly, and a dozen hard final strokes carry the boat across the finish line. Goodwin snaps his stop watch with a satisfied smile. "They'll do," he calls to the men inside the launch, who at this time of the year include some old graduates up to watch the "boys" row. Meanwhile the 'varsity shell is drifting with the tide, while the men, panting heavily, lean forward on their oars. Their breath comes in great gasps, and one can see the convulsive quivering of their muscles as they inhale the welcome air. A little recuperated, the men throw water on one another, and with a few seconds' more rest they are once more their natural selves—so quick is the recuperative power of the trained athlete in condition.

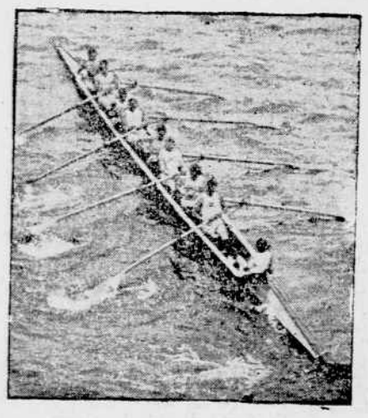
They paddle back to the boathouse easily, and there retail their experiences and feelings during the trial, and discuss with one another the time that they made and its probable bearings on the outcome of the regatta. The shell once more in the boathouse, the men undress and plunge into the river for a swim, in lieu of shower baths. Then they walk back to quarters to sit down to another enormous meal, for which they have ravenous appetites. After dinner they rest again and swap stories until late in the afternoon, when it comes time for the second part of the day's practice. Of course, if the morning's practice is as strenuous as that just described the afternoon is confined to more or less light practice, and the reverse is also the case.

So it goes in the main essentials with all the college crews here. When the final meal of the day is over the men do nothing but loaf around quarters, or else, in the case of those colleges which have their quarters in town, take a stroll around the village streets. Of course, with Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia, which have their quarters across the river, this is not possible. The men do not sit up late, for they are naturally tired, and are glad to sleep.

THE CORNELL 'VARSITY CREW.



PENNSY'S TWO CREWS.



THE COLUMBIA EIGHT.

OCEAN YACHT RACING.

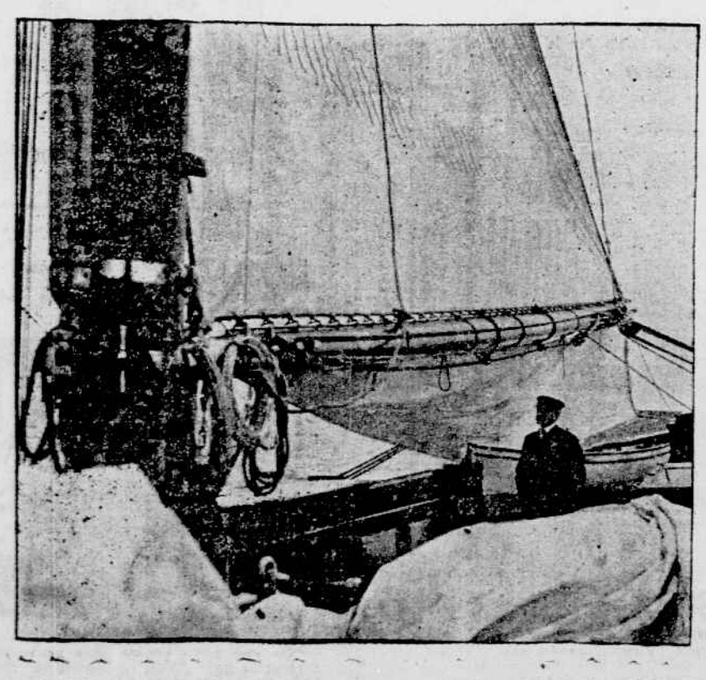
Extra Sails Put on the Thistle by Captain Tod.

It is generally conceded that all the world loves a sportsman, one who goes in for any form of sport not so much for the intrinsic value of the prizes to be won as for the pure love of the game, whatever it may be—for the sake of excelling in and to advance the particular form of sport he is engaged in. Few men have done as much to advance the interest of yachting, especially in the line of ocean racing, as has ex-Commodore Robert E. Tod, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, who recently sailed his own schooner, the Thistle, from Sandy Hook to the Lizard in the race for the German Emperor's Cup.

Through his personal efforts, when he was commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club, a few years ago, he revived the spirit of ocean racing by offering cups for contests from Sea Gate to Nantucket and Northeast End lightships, and from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship and back, always entering his own yacht, for the sake of sport, against boats that he knew full well would be likely to defeat him. This he did just to encourage the others. It was largely through his efforts that the race to the Lizard was brought about, and in this, as in the others, he entered the Thistle, taking the sportsman's chance of winning. Knowing that his boat was not so fast as some of the others, with commendable persistency he had her fitted with extra sails, such as the "water sail," carried under the bowsprit, which has not been seen on vessels since the days of the old Blackball packets, and which were regularly carried by the caravels of Spain. In addition to these, Commodore Tod, to make the Thistle do her best in light airs, and in some of the strong breezes, too, carried what he calls "catch-alls"—small, oblong sails laced under the fore and main booms, to catch all the wind that spills out of the fore and main sails when the yacht is sailing with the wind abeam or abaft the beam. These, with the studdingsail, called, for short, "stun's'l," and the raffee, a triangular shaped sail that hoists to the fore truck and sheets out to the fore yardarm, no doubt made the Thistle travel from twenty-four to thirty nautical miles a day more than she would have gone without them.

Captain Tod—for he was sailing master and navigator as well as owner of the Thistle—lost no opportunity to make her cover the greatest number of miles from noon to noon of every day that she was out, and only those who have sailed with him know the tireless energy of the man, who sent the yacht across the Atlantic only a few hours beh'nd yachts that have much faster speed records on local courses. It is a fact that Captain Tod never had his clothes off on the entire trip. He never went to bed, but took naps occasionally in a chair; had his meals served on deck, and as a result of his sleepless vigil he lost sixteen pounds in weight on the trip. The Thistle is now on her way back to New-York.

VIEW ON THE THISTLE, TAKEN DURING RECENT RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



A CATCHALL SAIL SET UNDER THE MAIN BOOM.

CHICAGO'S PROBLEM.

Continued from Second Page.

don't propose to mix them here and the system will be a success."

Asked for a prophecy on the working out of the Chicago experiment, Mayor Dunne became enthusiastic:

"Inside of ten years, if not less, the streetcar certificates will be paid in full, and the people, then owning their own plant, can proceed to reduce fares to the lowest possible cost, as has been done in all of the great cities of England and in many of the great cities of Austria-Hungary, Australia and Italy. Efficient service will be rendered, economic changes will be made, corruption of the common council will cease and the boodler and bribe giver will vanish from Chicago.

"The demand of the people to place a check on public corruption, at first feeble and unheeded, has swelled into a roar whose reverberations are heard in the council chambers of the land, as well as in the temples of finance. Municipal ownership would be an excellent thing for New-York, and I believe that the time will come when the citizens of Gotham will make a struggle for their rights along these lines."

THE OPPOSITE VIEW.

In order to get at both sides of the Chicago street railway situation, the Tribune correspondent asked fifteen representative citizens of that city to name the leader of the opposition to Mayor Dunne and his ideas of municipal ownership and operation. Eleven of them agreed that Alexander H. Revell was the man. Accepting this verdict, the correspondent sought out Mr. Revell. He is one of the big merchants of a city of famous merchants, and is in no way interested in any of the traction companies. Mr. Revell discussed the problem in this way:

Under private ownership and operation the city always has the alternative of performing the service through the municipality direct. But if the city starts out to own and operate and fails in the experiment, then no alternative remains. The city must continue to give bad service or turn the lines back to private corporations. After the city's failure, these corporations would not feel any great obligation to improve the character of the service, and the turning over would have to be done at the private owners' own terms and not at the city's terms.

Here is another danger: The start may be made under an honest administration and proceed for two or three years satisfactorily. But there is all the time a tendency—an increasing tendency—for the service to run the city instead of the city to run the service. A bad administration coming into power would corrupt the street railway service under municipal ownership and operation, and bring about a condition where it would be next to impossible for a reform administration to be elected.

If the city undertook to operate the street railways there would be a total of about thirty-one thousand city employes. Not only are most of these employes voters, but it is safe to say that each could control three or four votes when any issue involving their personal interest was concerned in the election. Municipal ownership regarding street railways carries with it the conclusion that other public utilities—gas, electric light, telephone, etc.—should be embraced in the municipal ownership service. Every addition that is made to the battalions of the City Hall increases the ability of an incumbent Mayor to perpetuate a bad administration indefinitely. This tendency has been increased by the restrictions thrown around primary and general elections, which make it more difficult for reforms in parties to be even measurably successful.

TOO BIG A RISK.

The idea that the Civil Service law could be effectively applied to secure the proper persons to carry on municipal ownership may be justified in some degree, but a law upon the statute book is not self-enforcing, and it might be expected that it would be enforced only to a degree which the Mayor required. If a Mayor is self-seeking or corrupt he can use the Civil Service Commission effectively to get rid of persons in the city service who may be unsatisfactory to him. If the city employes become numerous enough to dictate at the primary and at the election who shall be Mayor, they also dictate, in effect, what sort of Civil Service commissioners shall be appointed, and what sort of rules of evidence shall be applied in the retention of their own set and the discharge of those who are objectionable to them.

Mr. Revell estimates that municipal ownership of the entire Chicago system would represent an investment of $69,000,000. With an improved service, he declares that the city could not hope to realize more than $5,000,000 a year. He estimates that the interest, sinking fund and depreciation would amount to 10 per cent per annum, or $6,900,000, which is nearly $2,000,000 more than the prospective income. Therefore he concludes that the city could not afford to take chances of operating a traction system from a business point of view.

BETTER SERVICE, ANYWAY.

James Hamilton Lewis, who probably more than any other one man is credited with having accomplished the election of Judge Dunne, differs from both Republicans and Democrats as to the proper meaning to be drawn from the result of the election. He said:

The plurality of Judge Dunne was, approximately, 25,000. I am not able to confirm the hope that the election, or the majority of votes, indicates that the people of Chicago meant to give a verdict in behalf of the establishment of municipal ownership. I am not able to say how many there are of those who voted for Judge Dunne who are opposed to this ownership, but I am safe in saying that, while a splendid minority of this vote are sincere enthusiasts for the adoption of municipal ownership of all public utilities, the great majority of the citizens were anxious to express a protest against the vicious and almost unnameable service that the street car companies were giving the people. The cars were rotten; the wheels worn; the track destroyed; children, women and men were daily run over for want of proper brakes; cars were congested and blocked for hours for want of proper appliances. To paraphrase Edwin Burke, "The people arose in one universal curse."

Added to this was the defiant threat on the part of those who for fifty years had been enjoying a franchise making vast millions, watering stock, enriching themselves upon constant bond issues, that they would continue this execrable service to the agony and disgust of the people, to force the people to give them a new fifty year franchise. They practically threatened to make miserable every citizen, or destroy the operation of all transportation, unless the citizens would make them a present of this fifty year franchise. It was this threat and audacious conduct that created a revolt in the mind of the average citizen, and he arose to present his protest and to retaliate in answer to this insult and threat. He was not particular as to what method he adopted. The issue of municipal ownership, with the candidate having as his platform the denunciation of the service and the announcement of a method that would better it, was enough for the citizen to choose as a cover under which he expressed his judgment of condemnation of the railway system and its advocates.

This, to my mind, accounts for many thousand votes; and I feel that if good service were substituted these thousands would be found supporting the service under private as well as public control, regardless in the future, as they were indifferent in the past, to anything connected with the principles of municipal ownership, or any economic problem other than their personal convenience.

ANTIPATHIES OF ANIMALS.

Smoking a clay pipe, the circus actor sat in the winter training quarters. Under his supervision a thin boy was learning to ride erect on a quiet horse with a broad, flat back.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the man, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates.

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat. And this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so, too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even to-day, here and there, they kill and feed on kittens.

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage and he will show no fear; but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight.

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—(Philadelphia Bulletin.

YOU KNOW HIM.

"Oh, yes, he's a very intellectual man."

"What makes you think that?"

"I judged so from his talk."

"What does he talk about?"

"He's always talking about how intellectual he is."—(Philadelphia Press.

TOO MUCH ATHLETICS.

Tennis and Sprinting Induce Weakness of Heart and Early Death.

Professor James, of the University of Illinois, says that an investigation of some years has convinced him that much evil has resulted from college athletics.

College athletes, he finds, bring on by overexertion a number of ills, of which the worst and most common is weakness of the heart, that, developing with maturity, unfits the victim for continued efficient effort in business, and eventually carries him off before his time.

Sprinting and tennis he believes to be the two sports which work the most havoc with the heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said that a condition which often promoted long life was prudently poor health at an early age. He meant by this that a man, like President Roosevelt we might say in our own time, who in his youth had to husband his strength, and by slow and careful process develop the good health that he lacked, would be more likely to escape the dangers of overexertion, in which the careless giant was tempted to indulge.

Still, given strength and good health in the beginning, moderate exercise of one's powers cannot fail to be a source of renewed strength as well as of healthful enjoyment.—(Boston Globe.

A FAIRY ROSE.

Samuel Apple is the proud possessor of a rose bush which is only four inches high, and has one tiny white bloom measuring less than an inch in diameter. About three months ago Mr. Apple received some seeds in the mail and among them were some Fairy rose seeds. He planted the seeds and in three weeks the plants were an inch high. When the plants were about six weeks old a flower bud appeared, and on the seventy-first day from the time the seeds were planted the bud burst into full bloom.—(Indiana Gazette.

NO PLAGIARISM THERE.

"I challenge you," said the young poet, "to find a single line that I have borrowed or stolen from any one."

"There's no doubt," replied the critic, "that it's all yours. But if I were you I wouldn't let it happen in my next book."—(Chicago Record-Herald.

HIVES QUADRUPLED.

E. C. Gourley, of near Frostburg, has the champion brood bee of this section. Saturday, May 13, it sent out a swarm and on Monday of last week Mr. Gourley hived a double swarm from the same scap. The two swarms were united and one of the queens was placed back in the hive, but not for long, as on Thursday she came forth with a large retinue of workers and was given a home of her own. Instead of one hive, therefore, Mr. Gourley now has four, all doing well.—(Punxsutawney Spirit.

HE INDUCES IT.

Gerald—The faddists are now claiming that yawning is a most healthful and beautifying exercise.

Gladys—Well, if that opinion gains ground Cholly Sapphead will become much more popular with the girls.—(Louisville Courier-Journal.